

Delicate

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1712564) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1712564>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Jakuzure Nonon/Kiryuuin Satsuki
Characters:	Jakuzure Nonon , Kiryuuin Satsuki
Additional Tags:	Song fic
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-05-30 Words: 1,849 Chapters: 1/1

Delicate

by [janewithwhy](#)

Summary

It's not like they lack words, it's just that it's delicate.

There's always too much shitty music or too much static noise, and it's not really about social anxiety except that sometimes it is; sometimes, she finds herself being overwhelmed often and needing to step away, if only for moments. Mostly though, it's her queue. She ignores the quirked eyebrows and concerned looks when she tells them that she just needs fresh air as she steps out--maybe if she had more vices the excuse of a cigarette would satiate their curiosity.

But she doesn't really need more vices.

*We might kiss when we are alone
When nobody's watching
We might take it home*

When the sliding glass door opens to her right, noise spills out into the night and the faintest breeze of jasmine follows it. She doesn't need to look over to see who's come out to check on her--even with that hint of fragrance she knows before the door is opened who could have followed her. She opens her eyes to a sea of stars before she turns her head.

"Jakuzure," she says, the smile on her face is hidden in shadow but it gives a lilt to her voice. "Come to check on me?"

"Something of the sorts," she says, taking her time to walk over to Satsuki still reclined in her chair. "If, by check on, you mean spend time with."

Satsuki chuckles as she sits up before reaching out to wrap her slender fingers around Nonon's thin wrist. She straightens her back and glances towards the sliding glass door as Nonon leans forward into her. The kiss is chaste, quick, satisfying because it is occurring but disappointing because it does not deepen. They pull apart only slightly, hovering between touching and not touching--a game of wills on both their parts.

"Can we leave?" Nonon asks, giving in. Satsuki pulls down on her wrist again, leaning her body forward so that she can kiss her once more.

"Yes," she breathes. The sound of the sliding glass door being thrown open causes them both pause, but both have the reflexes to move quickly, Satsuki gently dropping Nonon's wrist and Nonon having sense enough to jump a good three feet back.

*We might make out when nobody's there
It's not that we're scared
It's just that it's delicate*

Nonon threads her fingers through Satsuki's when they can no longer hear a bassline of music following them down the orange lit street. Nobody ever says anything when they both leave together. They notice, surely, but there's nothing to say about it if there's nothing really happening. They leave it alone, mostly.

But Satsuki doesn't try anything unless they're alone. And when they are alone there is no trying--there's no subtlety or caution thrown to the wind, no amount of hesitation or second

guessing, they just are. And maybe that's complicated, but they'd both say that it was simple. And maybe it was marred from the start, punctured through with insecurities and the looming threat (gift?) of commitment, but they'd both say that it was easy to fall into if they never had to talk about it.

It's clean and sometimes that's the word they both use to describe it, though they can't exactly say why that word in particular. It's clean and it just happens and it flows, and maybe it's complicated and maybe it's not, but it's there.

Satsuki squeezes Nonon's fingers before untangling and finding her keys. When she starts her car, she knows Nonon won't protest that they're going to Satsuki's place. It's all sorts of things--clean, simple, complicated, doomed, heaven sent, but most of all, it's fragile. And she knows it's fragile when it could be so easily broken on words alone.

*So why do you fill my sorrow
With the words you've borrowed
From the only place you've known*

Nonon fingers the radio controls, trying to find something she likes and wants to listen to. She passes the usual classical channel, even skips past the sultry jazz. Instead, she settles on some indie station playing acoustic guitar melodies.

Next to her, Satsuki sings the words to songs she knows the lyrics to. She tries not to doze off as she listens and covers Satsuki's hand on the gear shift with her own, grounding her. She tries to stay in these moments--pockets of time that feel like they're reserved specifically for her. Outside of this, it's not that they're different, and it's not like they're necessarily hiding something, but there's a certain expectation that she looks forward to when she's in the passenger seat at two in the morning and Satsuki is singing next to her.

*And why do you sing Hallelujah
If it means nothing to you
Why do you sing with me at all?*

She almost moves to change the station when Jeff Buckley's version of Hallelujah filters through the car while they're at a stoplight, but Satsuki shifts her hand, wrapping her fingers around Nonon's, stilling her. Nonon sighs and shifts her head to watch the street lights pass outside. Satsuki is still singing softly next to her, and Nonon, out of habit, harmonizes with her.

It's sensual and it's frustrating and Nonon feels like she wants to talk about this, whatever it is, but Satsuki grips just a little tighter when Mr. Buckley's velvet voice coos about a victory march. But maybe she's imagining it.

Satsuki lets go to grip the wheel with both hands, making a hard turn. Nonon just tucks her fist under her chin as she sings the rest of the lyrics to herself.

*We might live like never before
When there's nothing to give
Well how can we ask for more*

Satsuki takes her time opening the door, fumbling with her keys uncharacteristically on accident. Nonon is tired and they both know it, but it still surprises her when she feels the smaller girl wrap her arms around her waist, hands snaking under her shirt, holding her, grazing at the skin above her navel. She inhales sharply when the gentle touch gradually turns into nails pulling at her taut skin.

Satsuki barely stifles a moan when Nonon's fingers meet the top of her jeans and slides sideways, raking across her hipbones. When she finally does get the door open, Nonon just lets go and slips past her. They both know what's going to happen. They don't question it. They don't need to. Why ruin such a good thing?

Sometimes, Satsuki worries she's never enough, emotionally, so she overcompensates physically. It's all she knows how to do, truth be told.

And honestly, Nonon waited for this for so long, what likes of her would be so foolish as to mention something deeper now?

*We might make love in some sacred place
The look on your face is delicate*

They don't really waste time, but it's not like they're in a rush. The kiss is hurried, but not lacking in its depth, not like an hour or so ago. Satsuki lifts Nonon into her arms with ease and carries her to her bedroom like so many times before, with a grace that Nonon has gotten used to but has never been ungrateful for.

The two of them, they're sharp with words; there's no denying that. The wit that they dance on is at a level far above anyone else's, and yet somehow they're still incapable of communicating with each other. Verbally, at least. They don't say very much, because they're both afraid that the words will dissipate the moment, like speaking will dilute the way hands grip sheets, or teeth rake against collar bones, or lips meet skin.

Nonon unravels with Satsuki's hand between her legs, back straining to get a good look at her, Nonon's fingers digging hard into her wrist, her eyes closed, chin tilted toward the ceiling--nothing about this moment was based on words.

*So why do you fill my sorrow
With the words you've borrowed
From the only place you've known*

When they're finished--actually finished--Satsuki lays her head upon Nonon's chest like it's the one place she can call home. The others would laugh, if they knew, which is only part of the reason why they don't divulge their secrets, but Satsuki doesn't really care. They could laugh; she'd almost be glad for it. But they don't know her like this: raw and vulnerable and needing warmth. That's for Nonon. That's an unspoken agreement between them, where it's Satsuki tucked carefully against Nonon's side, Nonon carefully, but absentmindedly running her hands through Satsuki's hair, untangling it's length.

"Ja--Nonon," Satsuki starts, lifting her head and propping herself onto her elbows to look Nonon in the eyes. The shorter woman is glad for the disconnect, because she's sure that her

heart speeds up at the sound of her first name, coming from this goddess's mouth.

Satsuki opens her mouth and then closes it, suddenly forgetting why she bothered to speak in the first place. She notes the expectancy in Nonon's eyes. She says the only thing that comes to mind.

"I care a great deal for you."

*And why do you sing Hallelujah
If it means nothing to you
Why do you sing with me at all?*

It's Nonon that's awake as light just barely hits the curtains hanging lazily in front of the open window. She contemplates leaving, which she's done before, on numerous occasions with varying degrees of importance. Satsuki would never say anything, she knows, but there's something about leaving that pulls at her, like dread, like nostalgia, like melancholy, tying her to the bed.

It's not that she needs to stay. She doesn't have to stay for either of them. The obligation for her to continue lying there doesn't exist because they're not codependent like that, but it doesn't mean that a part of her does not ache to stay for more than few hours.

She drifts back to sleep without meaning to. When she wakes up, the roles are reversed, and Satsuki is placing kisses on the nape of her neck.

It's not a new conversation, but it invites her to stay in a way that words never could. So she does, because she can, because Satsuki is inviting her and because she wants this. Whether it's intentional or not, they don't speak about it.

Two hours later, they're laughing in the kitchen, trying to make breakfast, talking like there isn't something between them, like they didn't leave their friend's party for one another.

There's something different though, when Nonon's fingers accidentally catch the skin of Satsuki's back. And there's something different when Satsuki rests her chin on Nonon's head, waiting for the griddle to heat. They don't speak about it; there's no communication there, but it feels like a shift.

Like something needs to happen.

Like silence isn't going to satiate this forever.

*So why do you fill my sorrow
With the words you've borrowed
From the only place you've known
And why do you sing Hallelujah
If it means nothing to you
Why do you sing with me at all?*

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